

Eleanor P. Jones,  
14 Dart Avenue,  
Carbondale, Pa.

Approx. 125 words

## THE BROOK

by

Eleanor Pritchard

Standing idly beside a babbling brook one clean crisp spring morning, thinking only of the song of the little stream and the beauty of the day, I was suddenly aware of the approach of a sweet young girl with shining eyes.

As I turned toward her, she asked, in the rather monotonous tone suggesting congenital deafness - "Are you listening to the brook?" At my affirmative answer her eyes filled with light and through a radiantly hopeful smile, said, - "Tell me please how it sounds".

Although a teacher of the deaf for many years I realized my helplessness for every comparison would have included sound. With a prayer in my heart that her imagination would supply the background, completely baffled I replied, - "Like Music". What would you have told her?

THE END